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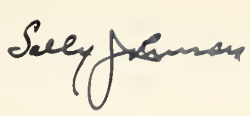


Sally Johnson, R.N., B.S.

Superintendent of Nurses and Principal of the School of Nursing

CHECKS

Massachusetts General Hospital
School of Nursing

Class of 1943

EDITORS

BARBARA E. MULVANITY
MARY FRANCES MALONE — *Co-Editors*

RUTH MURRAY
HELEN FINN — *Literary Editors*

HELEN CHWALEK
CLEOPATRA STYLIANOS — *Social Editors*

RUTH JOHNSTON
MARGARET O'BRIEN — *Art Editors*

MARGUERITE HARTNETT
CLARA MILLER — *Business Editors*

Dedication

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-three
dedicate this edition of CHECKS to

ELEANOR P. BOWEN

whose enthusiasm for her subject and untiring devotion to her class
make her an outstanding teacher

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty Three

extends to

MISS MARY MAHER

MISS HAZEL BOWLES

MISS STEPHANIE CONVELSKI

MISS HELEN PENHALE

MISS HAZEL WALKER

MISS HELEN HEWIT

sincere appreciation for their help and guidance in the past and wishes them a happy and successful future in their new work.

I Am A Nurse

I am a nurse—short words that hold a tale that's left unsung,
A tale of study—work—of pleasure put aside,
A tale that tells of sacrifice—of homesick hearts,
Of discipline—of tears—of trampled pride.

I am a nurse—yet she who says these words
Would not trade places with a queen,
For in her heart she knows that she can say
"I am"—instead of "I might have been."

I am a nurse who knows the spectre pain,
I've seen it in a hundred faces pinched and grim,
And though I conquer it in my small way,
The hand that heals is still the hand of Him.

When dawn breaks clear some day across this war torn world,
And somewhere—far from these corridors I've trod,
I'll look above—and these words will fill my heart,
"I am a nurse—and thank you, God."

R. M. J.

Foreword

To-day we are faced with a problem of tremendous importance to ourselves, our country, and our conscience. We must think carefully and act quickly; the need is great and immediate for the nurse is playing a major role in this fanatical, futile struggle for world supremacy. All over the world the cry for more well prepared women to care for the men in the service, for their bombed families at home and for their weary, undernourished children, echoes like the roar of a cannon. This does not mean that all of us must consider it our duty to go into active military service. There is just as much opportunity for needful service on the home front.

Those of us who have had the background for teaching are needed in the expanding nursing education program. The quota of students graduating yearly must, of necessity, be increased. This calls for increases in the staff supervising their training period. Others with public health experience are needed to carry on the accentuated program to maintain high standards of health in the army camps and defense plant areas. As a day lost for illness in a defense plant means decreased production, great emphasis is being placed on healthful living and prevention of accidents. Those of us who are needed in special fields should not be blinded to our chances to assist in a less adventuresome way than in foreign duty. Hospital staffs are being depleted so rapidly by the loss of nurses anxious to join the service that the civilian hospitals are running with skeleton staffs. Those who for some reason cannot go into military service should feel an obligation to serve in the general hospitals. This for them is a patriotic service.

The call to care for military and civilian health is a challenge to the worthy descendents of Florence Nightingale and her successors. Are we going to accept this challenge or is it to be another instance of "too little and too late?"

Graduating Class

February Section

FELICITA BOSELLI, B.A.

Campoferro, Voghera
Italy

Poise . . . insouciance . . . continental charm endearing to her American friends.

PATRICIA WILLISTON CAMPBELL

39 Franklin Street
Northampton, Mass.

"Yes 'tis Mable" . . . music lover . . . independent blonde.

KATHERINE ALICE CHASE

West Rutland
Vermont

A beguilingly quiet manner . . . friendly.

HELEN JOAN CHWALEK

17 Front Street
South Lawrence, Mass.

Happy . . . humorous . . . bubbling with fun . . . dependable.

VIRGINIA ANN DURNING

44 Sterling Avenue
Manchester, N. H.

Easy going . . . likes to trip the light fantastic . . . and do the town.

GRACE FARLEY

120 Highland Street
Woonsocket, R. I.

Real friendliness . . . thoughtful and sweet disposition . . . generous dimples.

INGEBORG GROSSER

1105 Franklin Street
Melrose, Mass.

Progressive . . . self sustaining . . . enjoys people and living. . . .

GERTRUDE E. HALL

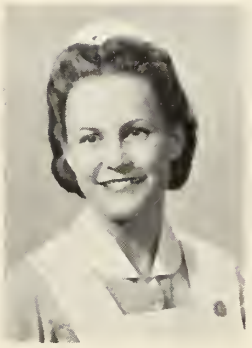
Cherry Street
Mexico, Maine

Nonchalant . . . breezy and merry . . . a pixie in mischief and hot water.

MARION D. HAMELIN

143 Central Street
Georgetown, Mass.

No pretense . . . not as quiet as one would suppose.



VIRGINIA M. HANLON

1845 East Adams Street
Tucson, Arizona

Well groomed . . . fragile and feminine . . . sincere.

DOROTHY HANSEN

206 Great Road
Maynard, Mass.

Vivacious carrot top . . . devotee of the art of eating . . . swift of foot and mind.

MARGUERITE ELISABETH HARTNETT

237 South Street
Marlboro, Mass.

Calm . . . efficient . . . good word for everyone.

MILDRED LOUISE JOHNSON

Washington Street
South Easton, Mass.

Friendly little blonde . . . cute as a panda.

ANTOINETTE A. KAMINSKI

30 Fourth Street
Taunton, Mass.

Versatile . . . sparkling . . . spirited and enthusiastic.

GENEVIEVE HELENE KOZIOL

81 Main Street
Ludlow, Vermont

Tactful and well liked . . . ardent admirer of the polka and musical atmosphere.

MARY G. McCUMISKEY

94 Brainerd Road
Allston, Mass.

Into everything . . . never at a loss for a word . . . on the alert.

MARTHA CORA METCALF

42 North Willard Street
Burlington, Vermont

Jolly companion . . . determination not easily shaken.

HELEN BLUE MIDDLEDITCH

Barnveld
New York

Dependable . . . efficient student and teacher . . . professional mien.

BARBARA E. MULVANITY

15 New Street
Nashua, N. H.

Merry eyes and laughter . . . jolly . . . friendly . . . Tommy. . . .

MARJORIE MURRAY

18 Woodside Terrace
Lynn, Mass.

Gay companion . . . winsome . . . smooth.

RUTH L. MURRAY

102 Cumberland Avenue
South Attleboro, Mass.

Unpredictable . . . strictly Latin manner . . . grand worker.

MARY ATKINS NICKERSON

415 Poinsettia Drive
Daytona Beach, Florida

Outdoor girl . . . bronze in summer . . . excellent nurse—patient relationship.

MARGARET ELIZABETH O'BRIEN

Cedar Park House
Hudson, N. Y.

Impulsive . . . light hearted . . . domestic at heart.

ELIZABETH J. O'LOUGHLIN, B.A.

27 Alice Avenue
Woonsocket, R. I.

Popular . . . loyal confidante . . . gracious and sweet.

PRISCILLA M. POWERS

7 Liberty Street
Gloucester, Mass.

A little bit who makes a great bit of fun . . . a demure imp.

EMMA RICE

Wilbraham
Mass.

Conservative . . . ambitious . . . conscientious.

GERTRUDE RICHARDS

Ipswich Road
Topsfield, Mass.

Independent . . . aggressive . . . loyal.

JEANNE PERIN ROSS

138 Highland Avenue
Somerville, Mass.

Clever . . . self assertive . . . poised.

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6 Anawan Street
Taunton, Mass.

Meets a friend a minute . . . always on the wing.

MARIE E. STEELE

19 Greenleaf Avenue
West Springfield, Mass.

Nonchalant . . . rug cutter . . . pensive.

SASHA STRIGA

Zoar Avenue
South Attleboro, Mass.

Career girl . . . capable and determined.

MARY WALLACE

5 Bradley Court
Rochester, N. H.

Heart and soul in everything she does . . . a stranger to the leisure manner . . . voluble.

ERMA MARION WELKER

516 West Sixth Street
Ashland, Wisconsin

Generous . . . heart of gold . . . skilled in conversation . . . always ready when a friend is in need.

September Section

ANN MARY BARRETT

10 Morton Street
Concord, N. H.

Charming . . . dignified . . . sweet . . . Concord, I'm always there.

MARYALICE BARRON

Main Street
Salem Depot, N. H.

Expert tennis player . . . young and innocent . . . elfish . . . give me a new tune . . . jolly company.

BETTY MAE BREWER

Elm Street
Damariscotta, Maine

Ready when there is work to do . . . loyal and determined.

RUTH ANNE BROWN

R.F.D. #1

Westmoreland, N. Y.

Considerate of others . . . quiet but not idle . . . commendable . . . lover of square dances.

ELAINE BRUCE

9 Grant Street
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Live, laugh and dream . . . loves a good joke.

H. PHYLLIS BURNS

1471 Beacon Street
Brookline, Mass.

Short and sweet . . . to live long it is necessary to live slowly . . . full of fun.

VERONICA HELEN BYRNE

825 Saratoga Street
East Boston, Mass.

Quiet . . . nonchalant . . . cooperative . . . easy to get along with.

JACQUELINE CAPE

83 Lakeview Avenue
Cambridge, Mass.

A rare combination of beauty and brain . . . musical voice . . . friendly smile.

MARY RITA JANE CARR

39 Laurel Street
Newport, N. H.

Busy . . . really . . . sorry . . . ingenious . . . a friend.

EVELYN MARY COONEY

301 High Street
Somerset Village, Mass.

Chic . . . pretty hair . . . agreeable . . . a loyal friend.

EDITH KATHLEEN DASEY

344 Lake Avenue
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Good humor and wit carry the day . . . an air of dignity . . . a good story teller.

MARY MERCHANT DEWOLF, PH.B.

421 Main Street
Warren, R. I.

Charming is the word for her . . . dignified . . . makes her dreams become realities.

GERTRUDE ANGELA DOWLING

295 Hanover Street
Manchester, N. H.

A multi-minded woman . . . thorough perseverance . . . well read.

HELEN LOUISE FINN

38 Hinsdale Street
Rochester, N. Y.

A laugh is worth a thousand groans to me . . . dramatic triumph . . . a good friend.

ETHEL LUCY GARDNER

18 Mt. Vernon Street
Nantucket, Mass.

A sea-going maiden . . . cooperative and friendly.

NETTIE ANNE GARRISON, B.S.E.

209 Jackson Street
Lawrence, Mass.

The "beauty rests" . . . perseverant . . . two loves have I. . . .

ALDONA GELUS

Sixth Avenue
Webster, Mass.

Sedate . . . shy . . . nice to all . . . finest disposition . . . sincere.

MARY HATHEWAY

234 North Main Street
West Hartford, Conn.

The story of a predicament . . . fun . . . a real friend.

CHRISTINE CAROLINE HOGAN

Huntington, Long Island
New York

Thorough . . . capable . . . friendly . . . sincere. . . .

EVELYN MARY HUSSON

216 Pearl Street
Springfield, Mass.

Smiling . . . quiet . . . mild . . . competent.

DORIS MAE JOHNSON, B.A.

10 First Street
Concord, N. H.

Life comes hurrying . . . inexhaustable . . . those New Hampshire jaunts.

PAULINE LOUISE JOHNSON

Meredith
New Hampshire

Gleesome . . . kindhearted . . . honest . . . witty.

RUTH MARIE JOHNSTON

21 Trapelo Road
Brighton, Mass.

Conga queen . . . journalist . . . humorist . . . determined . . . verse-atile.

HELEN MARY KRASNECKI

Adams Street
North Chelmsford, Mass.

More than fair . . . a good sport . . . real tennis fan.

MARY JOANNA LoGIUDICE

25 Perry Avenue
Brockton, Mass.

Lightning . . . rhythm queen . . . energy plus . . . her heart belongs to just one.

MARY FRANCES MALONE

12 Brewer Street
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Incomparable friendliness . . . sincere . . . fun . . . persevering.

SHIRLEY MANSFIELD

400 Salem Street
Lynnfield, Mass.

A beautiful smile . . . a sly wink . . . witty . . . a friend to all.

MADELINE McCORMACK

3 Darrow Street
Quincy, Mass.

Respectful . . . full of pep . . . style . . . slender.

CLARA MILLER

1308 Jefferson Avenue
Ogden, Utah

Cute . . . a good sense of humor . . . a loyal westerner.

BARBARA E. MOULTON

25 Valley Street
Medford, Mass.

Genial . . . frank . . . earnest . . . a piano for her soul.

ELIZABETH M. MUCICA

10 Arthur Street
Little Falls, N. Y.

True to her words, her work, her friends . . . capable . . . sincere.

STELLA MARY O'MARA

East Millinocket
Maine

Gay . . . gracious . . . colorful . . . full of fun.

MINNIE OOSTING

1043 Chestnut Street
Muskegon, Michigan

Red . . . ready . . . resourceful . . . hidden mischief.

MARIANNE ORVIS

2120 Grace Street
Dubuque, Iowa

Distinguished . . . sympathetic understanding . . . knowledge in her ways.

JEANNE DIGNAM PARANT

6 Marlboro Street
Boston, Mass.

Style . . . fashion . . . feminine vogue . . . beauty . . . a winning way.

BARBARA MARIEN PARSONS

345½ Shaw Street
New Castle, Penna.

Any time will do . . . open for discussion . . . fun loving.

MARY ELLEN QUINN

Old Sudbury Road
Sudbury Center, Mass.

A generous sparkle of humor . . . slow and steady . . . a true friend.

JEAN ROBERTS

Courtland Avenue
Bridgeport, Conn.

Good humored . . . efficient . . . peppy, popular person.

DORIS M. ROBITAILLE

13 Northampton Street
Holyoke, Mass.

Determined . . . sleep is a gentle thing . . . beloved from pole to pole.

MARTHA MARGARET SEAWORTH

Calvin
North Dakota

Impossible to fail . . . knows how to get what she wants . . . superior.

CONSTANCE HAVILAND SMITH

9 Rowe Street
Melrose, Mass.

Infectious enthusiasm . . . loves to dance . . . perseverance.

JUNE STEWART

420 Fruit Hill Street
North Providence, R. I.

Friendly attitude toward life . . . determined . . . enthusiastic. . . .

JANE ELIZABETH STRICKLAND

Middlefield
Connecticut

Quiet at first but look again . . . a true friend . . . administrative.

CLEOPATRA STYLIANOS

200 Ash Street
Nashua, N. H.

Oh, give us a girl who sings at her work . . . unforgetable . . . considerate . . . enthusiastic.

E. HOPE SULLIVAN

238 Gray Street
Arlington, Mass.

Hopeful . . . patient . . . cheery . . . a friend indeed.

RITA V. TIMMS

39 East Newton Street
Boston, Mass.

There's mischief in the eye . . . turn on the swing . . . amiable.

MARGARET GRANT THOMAS

Ningpo
China

A fascinating mixture . . . an even disposition . . . cooperative.

CONSTANCE WARNER, B.A.

110 West College Street
Oberlin, Ohio

Music lover . . . encouraging . . . stately . . . willing . . . ready.

ELIZABETH GLOVER

"T.B. can't lick you if you give yourself to the cure."

To Betsy we send our sincere wishes and encouragement for a speedy recovery.

Bulfinch Building at Night

Class Prophecy

Elmwood Ridge,
Concord, Mass.,
January 1, 1953.

DEAR JACKIE,

Many thanks for your very welcome and newsy letter—it found me in a most receptive mood. I'm glad to hear you're doing well as Chief Nurse in the Department of Aviation at Helmer's Field. How do you like Oklahoma—does it come up to your youthful dreams of the golden west? I'm happy to hear those dreams are finally coming true.

I had a letter from Helen Finn last week. She is now on her way to Minnesota to join Nettie Garrisson and her husband in establishing a new Public Health unit. Fran Malone is going to handle the business end of things. I know this venture is bound to be a success with so many capable minds to back it up.

Connie Smith spent the holidays with us, as usual. She hasn't missed one of our New Year's Eve parties in almost ten years. She is still in the Navy—and at present is stationed at the Marine Hospital in Brighton. She told me she plans to turn in her uniform for a housedress and apron in June. I can't tell you any more because she wants to surprise you—but I can say that she intends to be his scrub nurse for years to come.

I went to Pat Stylianos's latest concert at Symphony Hall and was so proud to be able to say I knew her when. Her voice was glorious and she received an overwhelming ovation from the appreciative audiences. I sat with Hope and Bill Herlihy and two of their children. After the concert we all had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Mooney (Edith Dasey—remember?). It seemed so much like old times—sitting around a table while Dasey kept us in stitches with one of her inimitable stories.

Mully and Tommy sent us a Christmas card from Palm Beach. They said they had been to see Nickie who is doing Public Health in Florida and she sends her best to all of us. I also got a Christmas card from Gen Koziol who is still at the Chungking Base Hospital in China. It has been bombed six times within the last few months. If the Japs knew Gen's determination the way we do, they'd realize that it takes a lot more than a few scarces to make her relinquish anything she starts out to do. She said she's still trying to interest Mary Sheehan and Tony Kaminski in the idea, but they seem to be pretty well satisfied with specialling.

Among the girls who have stayed in nursing, several have gone far ahead of even our envious expectations. Doris Johnson is Supt. of Nurses at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York, and Jane Strickland is Supt. of the Hartford Hospital in Connecticut. Mary DeWolfe is teaching science and Gert Dowling is teaching nursing at the Yale School of Nursing. Mary Wallace is Night Supervisor at M.G.H., and Erma Welker is the new Pediatric Supervisor. We have heard—but this is only rumor, you know—that Liz O'Loughlin is being groomed for a very important position in T.S.O.

Madeleine McCromack is teaching nursing at the Quincy Hospital and between times still says no to all susceptible males. Mac's heart still belongs to Harvard. I had a letter recently from Ruth Murray. You remember she married a Brazilian coffee merchant and is now the mistress of a huge plantation in Brazil. She told me that Gert Hall was down to visit her last fall and is thinking of staying there. She feels that there is a very good field for nurses in South America.

Ginny Durning and Peg O'Brien are both specializing in Hollywood and write the most interesting letters about the exciting lives they lead. They're thinking about writing their memoirs—what a best seller that would make.

Rita Timms and that nice Tech man she married had dinner with us Sunday evening. Stella O'Mara and Evelyn Cooney were supposed to come, but at the last minute found they had to take relief. They have both worked at the Phillips House since their discharge from the Army after the war. Jeanne Parant and her Lt. Commander dropped in to say goodby before leaving for the Phillipines where they will be stationed for quite a while. Jeanne was wearing a beautiful mink coat and looked as lovely as ever. She told me that Marianne Orvis is finishing her internship at Johns Hopkins this month and plans to come to M.G.H. as Assistant Resident in Pediatrics.

Did you hear of Pat Campbell's brilliant marriage? She's living in England in an old Cheshire Estate, and is quite active in English nursing circles. She has introduced many of the methods taught us by Miss Perkins to English schools where they have been very well received. Helen Middleditch is teaching sciences at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York and is doing a very good job of it, too. Jean Ross is still in the Army, and has received another promotion. This makes her a captain, now. Sasha Striga has a good position as an industrial nurse. Virginia Hanlon and Al Gelus have also gone into this field. Evelyn Husson is teaching home nursing and hygiene at the exclusive Parkhurst Boarding School.

Pris Powers and Charlie sent us an invitation to Charlie Jr.'s sixth birthday party. She said she expected Mickey Johnson and her husband and their two children. Mickey married a minister, you know, and although sometimes it's difficult to imagine her as a staid President of the Ladies' Aid and Foreign Mission Society, she seems to be very happy doing it. (I hear she's also the guiding light of the Young People's Christian Endeavour). Life certainly is full of little surprises.

I spent a weekend in Connecticut recently as the guest of Jean Roberts and her husband. They have a beautiful home and five lovely children. Jean seems to have been made for this type of life, and between her home, church, and Red Cross interests is kept very busy, indeed. Ronnie Bryne and Mary Hathaway spent the weekend there, too, and we had a great time talking over the good old days. Ronnie is an office nurse in Boston, while Mary is specialling in Hartford.

Thanks for the news about Shirley Mansfield. I was glad to hear that she and Red like it in Alaska. I hope her taste in ski suits is as good as it used to be. Do you ever hear from Rita Carr? The last I heard—she was bound for Europe as a hostess on an Atlantic Clipper. That girl always had adventure in her blood. She came through her last plane crash without a scar—a lot better than she came through her mishaps with the elevator in Thayer and the sterilizer on White 9.

I guess Ann Barrett is going to stay in North Africa with Bob after all. I don't know what she'll do without Concord to come home to—but if we know Ann—she'll find a way. Martha Metcalfe is still supervisor of the Delivery Room at Richardson House, while Ruth Brown, Maryalice Barron and Helen Krasnecki hold relative positions on the B.L.I. side. Brucie is supervisor on C&D3 at B.L.I. and helps make the days go a lot faster for the new mothers with her hearty laughter and ever ready jokes.

I read an article in the American Journal of Nursing by Felicita Boselli on the advancement of nursing in England since the war. She feels that the interchange of British and American methods during the war has done much to advance nursing in both countries. She proposes an exchange system by which an American nurse and a British nurse change places for a year, and bring back to their countries any new developments or techniques of nursing from which they would benefit. Elaine Noyes is to be the first to try this system out—and we all hope it works.

As for me—I'm still struggling to bring up a family and at the same time set the world on fire as an author. So far I've had much better results with the family. The only thing I've had published, other than a few poems, has been my "Autobiography of a Nurse". The children are as full of mischief as possible. Right now they're upstairs toasting marshmallows in the fireplace. From the noise they're making I think I had better dash up before they start toasting each other. Do write soon, and thanks again for your letter.

Sincerely,

RUTH JOHNSTON

Chronicle of Ye Students and Ye Crusades

Now it so happened during ye year nineteen hundred and forty, during the reign of Franklin of ye House of Roosevelt, young maidens desirous of joining ye Order of ye Blacke Bande flocked from far and near to enter these portals. They retired from all earthly pleasures, renouncing worldly pomp—so stirred were they by ye Herald's alarming tales of war in distant lands—of suffering and squalor amongst the poets and peasants at their very feet. As with one purpose they sheared short their tresses and scraped bare their fingernails to prepare themselves to win ye privilege of girding on white and wearing ye Blacke Bande.

Verily then, were they welcomed by leaders from an older tribe and were taken to view wonders of the General Hospital—the dome built by Charles of the House of Bulfinch, and an inquisition chamber in ye Hall of Walcott.

So it came to pass that days passed quickly and full many were ye tasks assigned by leaders who watched ye efforts of young Knightees. Long, were hours spent by ye sages, whispering into ears of ye maidens of ye mysteries of patent drugs and solutions, of bones, and of microbes. And it so happened, there was great weeping and gnashing of teeth, and many were nights spent in ye dungeons deep down in ye earth under ye House of Thayer and in that far-away castle of Walcott.

Thus they tried the Knightees; set them jousting in various posts of ye manor with foes which had ridden unfortunate victims inside ye very doors—ye dragons Strep, Staph and ye devastating, invisible Virus the Filterable. Each maiden put forth her utmost to conquer. Sore vexed was she who failed to uphold the ideals of the Order. With great rejoicing did ye apprentices hear ye time had come upon them to help ye oppressed in far flung corners of our mythical kingdom. Lots were drawn and our youthful valiants were assigned to crusades.

Great was ye welcome when a minstrel strolled back with news from a crusade—engraved in the hearts of the Defenders of Ye Lamp of Nursing are tales of—

Ye crusade to ye Fountain of Youth in Longwood district, where our champions lost not courage, but kept watch and vigil nights through so Powers of Precipitation should not catch them unawares. There, during their days of war against Fever Puerperal did they become skilled in ye art of Pericare.

Breathless were moments of adjusting of chambers before visiting lords surveyed ye survivors of ye Battle of ye Delivery Room.

There were tales from those who joined ye crusade to protect ye Eye and Ear from debilitating foes. These warriors had first to pass a test of skill in ye never-to-be-forgotten art of Colls. Alert they were themselves to keep outside ye gates of Ye Olde Bricke Hostel ye demon Black Mask Psychosis.

Many were ye ones who travelled to ye sylvan glen of McLean where squirrels flash merrily about and ye sun sets in a splendor unknown in ye teeming city. In that secluded spot, far from ye city's travail, they learn to disperse Terrors of ye mind confused. Frequent were festive dances and feasts in that land.

Fewer among us were those who, armed with inoculations, set forth for ye ramparts of Haynes. There they practised ye crafty Art of Technique of Precaution. They learned that systematic routine of attacks will keep underfoot ye most insidious of Contagious Enemies.

Those were who stayed close by to set out daily to minister to the sick and ailing vassals of ye Territory of Boston. Those were known to all by their duty garments of blue. These carried in pouches help for ye aged and infirm. Their arrival was announced by shrill cries of youths of ye neighborhood. Frequent were perils they were exposed to. One stalwart maiden fell prey to Chicken Pox. But arising shortly from her bed, she returned with her fellow members, bringing pearls of wisdom and gems of help throughout the neighboring fields.

Some were who carried on the crusade at home. Ladies in waiting to ye masters. These undertook to nurture recruits—gave long hours to preparing new members to join ye combats. These Student Assistantes—for so they were called—were with great responsibility to uphold ye Tenets of Procedure. Yet were they with mercy tempered; it springing from their own recent rigorous indoctrination.

Three years, and lo a little more passed thusly on home ground and on crusades before our maidens wore their white and were presented with ye Blacke Bande. Full well they should realize they have but, of truth, barely started their crusading.

E. O'L.
B. E. M.

Form No. 125

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL

Admitted to: M.G.H. School of Nursing
Unit No.: 114
Date: Memorable
Hour: one January afternoon
Service: Humanitarian
Name: Angelica Cherabini
Ward: Charles Street Manor
Room: 13
Address: Somewhere in U. S. A.
Occupation: Ex- this and that
Age: 18 or so
Sex: that pays
Civil Status: unclaimed
Religion: non sectarian
Nearest Relative: Mr. Cherabini
Friend: Mike DeAngel
Family Doctor: Dr. Heal Orkiller
Referred by: Subconscious mind
Chief of Service: Dr. Charles Burnett
Date of Discharge: Some sweet day
Address: Celestine Avenue
Address: Camp Everest, Va.
Address: 99 Medical Crossroads
Address: Cranium, Cephali
Under Charge of: Miss Nancy Fraser
Hour: never too soon

This is the first M.G.H. admission of a white, 18 year old, unclaimed young lady who enters via the Nursing Office with a diagnosis of:—

NURSING PROFESSIONAL SYNDROME

C. C. Burning sensation in pericordial region aggravated by ambition.

P. I. Desire to "work with men who are men," the men being in her sense of interpretation, doctors. Also wishes to help carry on the Torch of Nursing. Pt. has felt this way since she was 6—she was seen by L.M.D. who referred her to local hospital. After two weeks stay she was discharged from that hospital with "prognosis guarded". Relatives and friends suggested she remain at home and lead a quiet, normal, life, but she, thinking she understood her frustrated ambition, made application to this hospital, asking to be admitted immediately.

P. H. This 18 year old young lady has apparently enjoyed good health up to the present time. She talked at 8 months and was started on scraped beef at the age of 2 months, progressing through a normal childhood. Significant symptom has been manifested by her youthful habit of bandaging extremities of pets and dolls. Favorite childhood game was "nurse". Her parents reported child spent hours rolling pills from bread, and destroyed much household linen for bandages.

P. E. Head—external apparently normal, internal questionable, referred for further extensive studies.

Extremities—all there but coordination and hand skill will need more development.

General Appearance—normal appearing young woman with possible complications due to enthusitis professionalis.

Impression:—Egoitis—question of I and D.
Undirected ambition
Careeritis

JANUARY, 1940: First social response recorded at Tea which she attended with 45 other new admissions. A slight depression became apparent upon the departure of parents. This disappeared as she became more and more absorbed in pre-clinical routine.

FEBRUARY, 1940: This patient was next entertained at an informal party given by big sisters once again playing the roles of probationers. From this reenacting of their past she saw that there was a humorous as well as a serious aspect to her chosen field. Her mistakes and clumsiness did not seem to be an individual handicap. This encouraged our patient to renewed effort.

MAY, 1940: Talent is discovered in this girl. She has put in many hours of tuning up her vocal cords for M.G.H. Night at Pops. I think this girl needs more such outside activities to make her a well balanced person.

JUNE, 1940: Now formulates the reason for all this buzzing of the past two weeks. Young hopefuls with palpitations of the heart, were all in a dither about asking this or that intern or Med. student to their first formal dance. What a difference in the appearance of the patient this evening produced! In a new, sheer gown of pastel shade one would scarcely believe that this was the professional Miss X on Ward Y. But at the stroke of twelve Cinderella fled to her pumpkin manor lest godmother T.S.O. catch her A.W.O.L.

JULY, 1940: Summer brought forth roof parties, picnics, esplanade concerts and play on the tennis courts. These activities helped to lighten her first summer of confinement to career.

AUGUST, 1940: What has become of the blue birds? In this month came much rejoicing —the little birds flew out of the nest into those checks. Now indeed does her prognosis soar!

SEPTEMBER, 1940: A younger sister now enters the hospital with a similar diagnosis. Her social progress resembled that of her older sister during that first month. Patient now has ego building sensation of having students with less experience than herself whom she can encourage and help.

OCTOBER, 1940: At this time the girls attended the traditional Hallowe'en Costume Party, complete with seasonal games and lots of fun.

NOVEMBER, 1940: Arthur Murray's dancing classes improved their ballroom technique and the conga and rhumba were added pleasures. Now for another dance—was the cry.

DECEMBER, 1940: At long last it has come! The Christmas Formal, when the young members of the hospital family don their long gowns and sponsor their first social function. The success of the evening proved that even busy career builders can put on a dance just as easily as they can carry on their day's work on the wards.

1941 So many things are now accelerating the progress of these young ladies. For one thing, the whole group has now been capped and checked so are now accepted members of the school.

A Chapel is dedicated and becomes an integral part of the hospital.

Theater parties, symphony concerts and many other outside and inside activities helped to make those evenings without required study hour more entertaining.

There developed the Spontaneous Program Group which provided activities on the spur of the moment. Another energetic group published three editions of the Draw Sheet, a student newspaper. A Drama Club was organized and produced two hilarious "meller dramers".

1942 Patient's adaptability now tested to utmost. She is living in the midst of her first war year. Changes occur fast and furiously. Rationing, air raid drills, gasoline shortages and a reduced nursing staff brings the war closer to her and encourages her utmost efforts to carry on hospital routine.

This is the year of the U.S.O. Our ambitious patient has enjoyed Walcott House dances with service men as guests.

Angela is now preparing to be discharged. A senior band has been bestowed and she has successfully passed all her trial visits to affiliating hospitals. Meantime she has taken active interest in the Year Book by writing articles and collecting snapshots.

A few fellow patients were discharged in January, ahead of the Baccalaureate and Graduation Exercises. Now Angelica is all excited buying white shoes and uniforms and dreaming of service garb, trying to decide whether she would prefer the Army or the Navy.

DISCHARGE NOTE

Angela came in as a restless, ambitious girl, we are content to discharge her now as a mature woman equipped to do her share in the present, upset world of to-day.

C. S.
H. C.
E. B.

An M. G. H. Nurse Should

work like Mary Wallace
be as pretty as Marie Steele
dance like Ruth Johnston
sing like Pat Stylianos
be as charming as Jackie Cape
have a personality like Liz O'Loughlin
dress like Shirley Mansfield
be as diplomatic as Connie Smith
be as likely to succeed as Ingeborg Grosser
have the poise of Felice Boselli and Mary DeWolf
be as popular as Liz O'Loughlin
be as versatile as Ruth Johnston
have the intelligence of Marianne Orvis
be as sophisticated as Jeanne Parant
have the vivacity of Mary LoGiudice
be as loyal as Jean Roberts
be as calm as Bea Mucica
have a sense of humor like Barbara Mulvanity
be an all round good sport like
every member of the Class of 1943

Light lunches at midnight

Explaining why

Sitting on the bench

Trying to get out of the infirmary

Wearing ankle socks

Extra midnights

Fruit Street Troupers

Our anniversary parties

Repeated movings

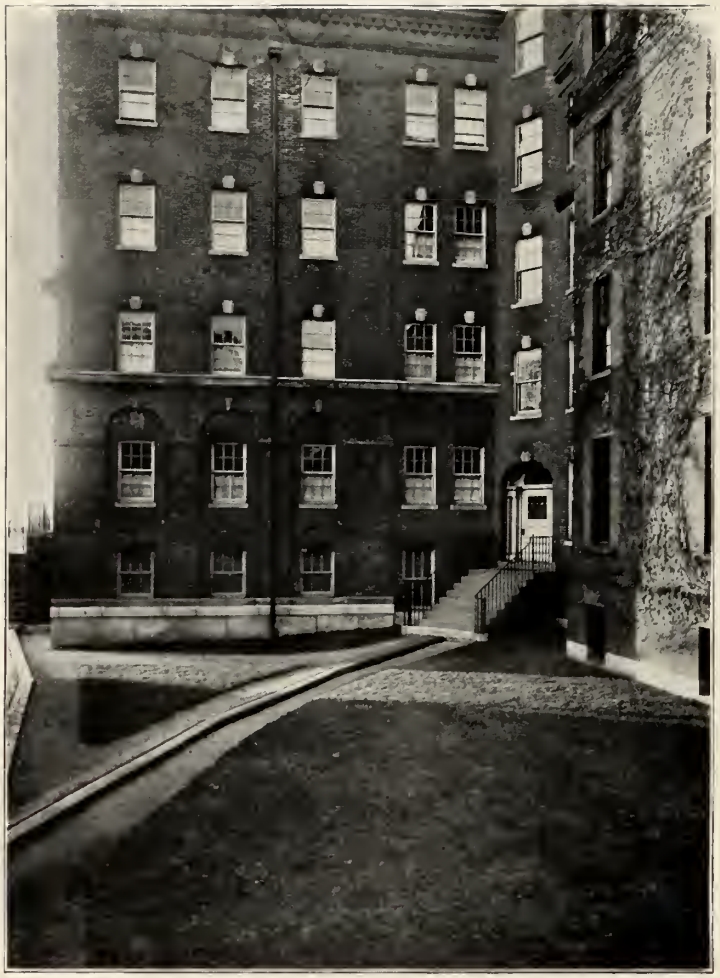
Gaining weight

Enthusiastic journalists

Those little white bands.

REMEMBER WHEN THERE WERE —

Seconds on ice cream
Sugar bowls on the table
Muffins for breakfast
Times when we got off relief on B3 at 11 p.m.
Only occasional nights on relief
Six nurses at report.



Can You Imagine?

Training without case studies
Fran Malone without a good witicism
a successful melodrama without Helen Finn
a House Officer not answering Miss Fraser's beck and call
neither A.R.P. nor relief on the night of that special date
entering Walcott front door with a key
Mary LoGiudice moving slowly
Jackie Cape out with a Yale man
going through training with one pair of scissors
Marianne Orvis flunking a final
Jeanne Parant not glamorously dressed
Ruth Johnston without Johann Strauss and Xaviar Cugat
going through training without a "Minnie" fountain pen
Rita Timms without a gentleman to take her out
Ann Barrett staying away from Concord a whole month
Fruit Street without the fruit cart
leaving the O.R. with a 6:30 supper and not returning
Alice Chase and Virginia Hanlon not stitching
M.G.H. with a bootblack
Helen Krasnecki not interested in tennis or skating
every nurse with her hair off her collar
a good joke not heard by all
a month on a floor without paying for a thermometer
enough clean linen on White 7
O.P.D. without Miss Cady
Charles Street without communicating fire escapes
a night nurse with eight hours sleep
Mary Quinn hurrying
Ingeborg Grosser with a feather cut
Mully without her dimples and sense of humor
Nickie pale throughout the summer
Mary Wallace without a joke
Edith Dasey without a story
Felicita Boselli and Mary DeWolfe jitterbugging
Gert Hall not in trouble
Rita Carr not being "sawry"
Hope Sullivan without a diamond
Ruth Murray without her Latin taste
Jean Roberts not willing to help somebody in trouble
Connie Smith not being well-groomed
Elaine Bruce not lending a Probie a helping hand

STATUETTE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Made by Hilary Bonham-Carter, cousin of Miss Nightingale and was given to Mrs. Vaughn's mother, Mrs. Samuel Parkman, when she visited Miss Nightingale in 1872. Presented to the Training School in 1929.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Florence Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievious and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

The Student Reserve of the American Red Cross Nursing Service

While this Year Book is being written the first anniversary of America's entrance into World War II has come and gone. We have been at war a year now and many changes have been seen. People in all walks of life have collected their strength and faculties to contribute to the war effort. There is something for everyone to do in a country at war, some way for everyone to do his or her share toward the national goal for ultimate victory. The American Red Cross Nursing Service, always ready in case of civilian disaster, takes a place of primary importance in the network of national defense.

Members of the American Red Cross Nursing Service must be American citizens, at least 21 years of age, and registered graduates of accredited Schools of Nursing. Excluding those on active duty in the army or navy, the Nursing Service is divided into first and second reserve and home defense according to age and occupation of members. Upon our entrance into the war it was necessary to greatly enlarge the active duty group, since the Red Cross is the main recruiting service for army and navy nurses. This, in turn, meant calling on the reserves which caused a serious drain from the staffs of civilian hospitals and also caused a seriously reduced reserve nurse group. To counteract this shortage the Red Cross initiated the Student Reserve. This branch of the Red Cross Reserve Corps is made up of senior students in accredited Schools of Nursing who are within six months of graduation. Regular Red Cross application forms and physical examination sheets are filled out. Upon acceptance members receive a pin which indicates membership in the Student Reserve. After graduation and completion of state board examination these nurses will automatically receive the regulation Red Cross Pin and be members of the Red Cross Reserve.

Why should I join the Student Reserve? Is it obligatory to join the armed forces after graduation if I am a member of the Student Reserve? These and similar questions are being raised daily by students. The answer is simple. We, as senior student nurses should join the Student Reserve to show the Red Cross that we are free and ready for service when required. There is no obligation on our part but this shows our willingness to be available in case of need. And that is what the nursing profession has done throughout the years. It was ready when needed. Right now the need is great—and we, as nurses, are fully aware of this. We should do our share—according to the tradition of our profession.

I. G.

Farewell to M. G. H.

To the tune of La Golondrina

Farewell to thee—dear M.G.H. we're leaving
The place which for three years has been our home.
We'll live again in each new Prob who enters
Your hallowed halls beneath the Bulfinch Dome.

Our days were spent relieving pain and sadness,
The nights were long—but then the dawn always came,
So through the years new footsteps will re-echo
Through wards beloved by each who share your fame.

Though far away—on battlefields across the sea,
Our thoughts will stray—dear M.G.H. to you,
To happy days and friendships everlasting
Across the years—you've taught us to be true.

A Parting Thought

To the tune of Tippy Tippy Tin

We came to the General in glory,
But what happened then is a sad story,
We worked day and night in the Bulfinch and White
And slaved in the O.R. till sorry.

Now we have to part—have to part,
But we leave our hearts—leave our hearts,
Underneath the dome we have called our home,
For the three years past.
If we don't return—don't return,
Still our hearts will yearn—hearts will yearn,
For the days we knew—in checks or Probie blue,
The days that went too fast.

R. M. J.

"As you are now, so once was I,

As I am now, you soon will be,

So prepare to follow me."

A Girl In White

Out of the darkness I have heard their cries,
I have seen the shadowed hand of death
Reach forth and close two tired eyes,
And gently quench a hopeful breath.

And with the dawn I have seen men smile
And slowly from the valley trod,
Another case of the miracle drug?
No—another miracle by God.

As I placed within a mother's arms
Her new-born son—her eyes grew dim
With tears of joy—while from her lips
Poured endless prayers of thanks to Him.

They say we're cold and hard inside,
We show no sign of joy or tears,
We only show a calm white face.
A mask we've learned to don with years.

Yes—life and death walk side by side
Across our lives both day and night,
And our reward?—just glad to serve,
Just proud to be a girl in white.

R. M. J.

Bulfinch and George Robert White Buildings

Facts You Ought to Know

Too Marvelous for Words—two change days
Am I in Another World—first four months in training
Wake Up and Live—6 A.M.
You Showed Us the Way—Miss Perkins
Serenade in the Night—Nights on Pediatrics
Pickin' Up Speed—9:45 A.M. with a 9:30 - 1 off
There's Something in the Air—a call from T.S.O.
Deep in a Dream—letter from the armed forces
How Am I Doing It—graduating
How Can You Forget—to check baths, heads and toothbrushes
Now It Can Be Told—3 years at M.G.H.
Mirrors Don't Tell Lies—with those B.L.I. headgears
Sunny Side of Things—P.M.s
With You On My Mind—night nurses—a juicy steak at 2 A.M.
Just a Simple Melody—the rattle of coke bottles
Having Myself a Time—spreads after relief
I'm Hatin' the Waitin' Around—the supervisors on Inspection Day
You've Got Something There—we hope for the State Boards
I'm In My Glory—mealtime
I Was Doing All Right—the war came along
The Pause That Refreshes—vacation
Eventually, Why Not Now—case study
In the World of Tomorrow—Seniors
Something New, Something Different, Easy to Serve—Diet Kitchen
Rhapsody in Blue—Probie days
Oh Promise Me—my cap

FILM FUN

Holiday Inn .....McLean
Desperate Journey .....Making 10 P.M. deadline
Now, Voyager .....Moving again
You Can't Take It With You.....Relief nurses' lunch
Babes in Arms .....B.L.I.
The Strawberry Blonde .....Dot Hansen
The Battle of Midway .....Night nurses' nausea
I Wake Up Screaming .....6 A.M.

A Nurse's Prayer

God—give me courage to accomplish what I must,
Be it on the battlefield of war—or here at home,
To use my knowledge and my hands to do Thy work,
To keep the faith—no matter where I roam.

To still the cry of terror in the bomb-rent night,
To bring a smile to eyes which have seen hell,
To dress the wounds of men—God, this I ask,
Please guide my hands—and let me use them well.

Don't let me flinch or falter at my work,
Don't make it lighter—even though I ask,
Just let me feel when waiting shadows fall
That I have done my share of this great task.

Then someday—when the golden sun of peace
Shines brightly over all the world of men,
When guns are still, and wounds and souls are healed,
The Son of Peace will find our waiting hearts again.

R. M. J.

Autographs